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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

THE NET

The strangers' children laugh along the street:
They know not, or forget,
The sweeping of the net
Flung to ensnare such little careless feet.

And we—we smile and watch them pass along,
With those who walk beside,
Soft-smiling, cruel-eyed:
We guard our own—not ours to right the wrong.

We do not care—we shall not heed or mark
Till we shall hear one day,
Too late to strive or pray,
Our daughters' voices crying from the dark.

THE SINGER AT THE GATE

Must I always sing at the gate to hearten the men who fight
For causes changeful as wind and as brief as the summer
night?

Must I always herald the wisdom of Man who is blind,
blind-led,
Of kings who rule for an hour and die when the hour is dead;

The Singer at the Gate

Of right that is wrong tomorrow, of truths that were last
year's lies,
Of little strifes and upbuildings that die when a nation dies?

For all Assyria's captains are dead with the dead they made,
Dust of the gyve and anklet with dust of the casque and
blade;

But wonderful dreams blow still in the swirl of a smoke
new-gone,
As they blew from a fire at dusk for my brother in Ascalon.

And Rome is withered, and Hellas; but leaves in the wind
bow still,
As they bowed for my brother's dreaming who sang by some
dead god's hill:

For all of the mighty walls men have built to sweep down
again
Are shadows of visions spun by some poet far from men.

I am tired of praising the deeds that are brief as a wind may
be,
That change with the mocking turn of a year or a century:

I go to spin dreams in dark, that shall last until men are
hurled
Out into the space of the Timeless with ash of a burning
world!